POETRY.

"GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY."

She stood at the bar of justice, A creature wan and wild. In form too small for a women, In feature too old for a child; For a look so worn and pathetic Was stamped on her pale young face, It seems long years of suffering Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name," said the judge as he eyed her With kindly look, yet keen, "ls-?" "Mary Macguire, if you please, sir," "And your age?" "I am turned fifteen." "Well, Mary"-and then from a paper He slowly and gravely read-"You are charged here, I am sorry to say it

With stealing three loaves of bread. "You look not like an offender, And I hope that you can show The charge to be false. Now, tell me. Are you guilty of this, or no?" A passionate burst of weeping Was at first her sole reply; But she dried her eyes in a moment,

And looked in the judge's eye. "I will tell you just how it was, sir; My father and mother are dead. And my little brothers and sisters Were hungry and asked for bread. At first I earned it for them, By working hard all day. But somehow the times were hard, sir. And the work all fell away.

I could get no more employment; The weather was bitter cold; The young ones cried and shivered (Little Jonnie's but four years old) So what was I to do, sir? I am guilty, but do not condemn: I took-0 was it stealing?-The bread to give to them.'

Every man in the court room-Greybeard and thoughtless youth-Knew as he looked upon her, Knew that she spake the truth. Out of their pockets came kerchiefs, Out of their eyes sprang tears, And out from old, faded wallets Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study, The strangest you ever saw. As he cleared his throat and murmured Something about the law. For one so learned in such matters. So wise in dealing with men. He seemed on a simple question, Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered When at last these words they heard; "The sentence of this young prisoner Is for the present deferred. And no one blamed him or wondered When he went to her and smiled, And tenderly led from the court-room, Himself, the "guilty" child.

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO:

-OR THE-

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES. CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE BURGLARY. THE day following the Count of Monte-

Cristo set out for Anteuil, accompanied by Ali and several attendants, and taking with him some horses whose qualities he was desirous of ascertaining. He was induced to undertake this journey, of which the day before he had not even thought, and which had not even occurred to Andrea. by the arrival of Bertuccio from Normandy, with intelligence respecting the house and sloop. The count praised a month. As Bertuccio was leaving the room, Baptistin opened the door; he held a letter on a silver waiter.

Baptistin approached the count and handed him the letter. "Important and urgent," said he. The count opened it and read:

"Monte-Cristo is apprised that this night a burglar will enter his house at Champs-Elysees. The count's courage will render unnecessary the aid of the police. The count, by concealing himself

in the dressing-room, would be able to defend his property himself.

"Many attendants or apparent precautions would prevent the villain from the attempt, and Monte-Cristo would lose the opportunity of discovering an enemy chance has revealed to him wh sends this warning—a warning he might not be able to send another time, if this first attempt should fail and another be

The count having dined with his usual tranquility and moderation, made a signal to Albert to follow him, and went out by the side gate, and at twilight found himself opposite his house in the Champs-Elysees. All was dark; one solitary, feeble light was burning in the porter's lodge, about forty paces different from the house. Monte-Cristo leant against a tree, and, with that eye so rarely deceived, searched the double avenue, examined the passers-by, and carefully looked down the neighboring streets, to see that no one was concealed. Ten minutes passed thus, and he was convinced no one was watch-

ing him. He hastened to the side-door with Ali, entered precipitately, and by the servants' staircase, of which he had the key, gained his bedroom without opening or disarranging a single curtain. Arrived in his bedroom, the count

motioned to Ali to stop; then he passed into the dressing-room, which he examined; all was as usual-the precious secretaire was in its place, and the key in the secretaire. He doubly locked it, took the key, returned to the bedroom door, removed the double staple of the bolt, and went in. Meanwhile Ali had procured the arms the count requirednamely, a short carbine and a pair of double barreled pistols. Thus armed, the count held the lives of five men in his hands. The clock of the Invalides struck a quarter of twelve. As the last stroke died away the count thought he heard a slight noise in the dressing-room; this first sound, or rather this first grinding, was followed by a second, then a third; at the fourth, the count knew what to expect. A firm and well practiced hand was engaged in cutting the sides of a pane of glass with a diamond.

ed was opposite the opening by which the count could see into the dressingroom. He fixed his eyes on that window -he distinguished a shadow in the darkopaque, then the square cracked without falling. Through the opening an arm was passed to find the fastening, then a second; the window turned on its hinges, and a man entered. He was alone.

At that moment Ali touched the count | held it. slightly on the shoulder. He turned; Ali pointed to the window of the room in which they were, facing the street. pen and write what I dictate." "Good!" said he, "there are two of them; one acts while the other watches." He made a sign to Ali not to lose sight of the man in the street, and returned to the

The glass-cutter had entered, and was feeling his way, his arms stretched out He is called Bendetto; but he is ignorant before him. The count soon heard the of his real name, having never known his which a man might enjoy with a calm rattle of a bunch of skeleton keys. "Ah, parents. ah!" whispered Monte-Cristo, with a smile of disappointment, "he is only a

ment he had placed on the stand, touched a spring, and immediately a pale light, just bright enough to render objects distinct, was reflected on the hands and

Ali raised his hatchet. "Don't stir." your hatchet; we shall require no arms." The count whispered an order to Ali, who immediately went, and returned, bearing a black dress and a three cornered hat.

The man, hearing nothing more, had again raised himself, and advanced to the secretaire, whose lock was beginning to | die of fright!" crack under his picklock.

"Well done," whispered the count, "you will have a few minutes' work there." And he advanced to the window. The what was passing at the count's, and his down: He descended, but it was only movement in the dressing room.

"Remain here concealed in the dark in and show yourself if I call you." Ali slowly and look over the coping to see if

here at such an hour?" "The Abbe Busoni!" exclaimed Cade-

vou would rob the Count of Monte- side, and he fell, calling, "Help! murder!" Cristo?" continued the false abbe.

keys, a secretaire half forced-it is tolerthing, you know it wasn't I-it was La Help, M. l'Abbe-help!"

you in a fair way to return there?" "No. M. l'Abbe, I have been liberated

"That some one has done society a great kindness."

"Ah," said Caderousse, "I had made a "And you are breaking your promise! nterrupted Monte-Cristo.

"Alas, yes," said Caderouse "A bad relapse, that will lead you, if I nistake not, to the execution place."

"Poverty-"Pshaw!" said Busoni, disdainfully; poverty may make a man beg, steal a loaf of bread at a baker's door, but not cause him to open a secretaire in a house supposed to be inhabited. And when the jeweller Johannes paid you 45,000 Bertuccio's zeal, and ordered him to pre- francs for the diamond I had given you, pare for a speedy departure, as his stay in and you killed him to get the diamond France would not be prolonged more than | and the money both, was that poverty?" "Pardon, abbe!" said Caderousse; "you saved my life once, save me again!" "You mean to say you have been freed

"Yes, in truth, M. l'Abbe."

"Who was your liberator?" "An Englishman. Lord Wilmore." "I know him; I shall know if you lie." "M. l'Abbe, I tell you the simple truth."

"Was this Englishman protecting you?" "No, not me, but a young Corsican, my mpanion, Benedetto." "Is that his christian name?" "He had no other; he was a foundling."

"Then this young man escaped with "We were working at St. Mandrier, near Toulon. In the hour of rest, then, between noon and one o'clock, while the rest slept, we went away a short distance;

we severed our fetters with a file the Englishman had given us, and swam

"And what has become of this Ben-

"I don't know." "You lie!" repeated the abbe, a third time, with a still more imperative tone. You have lived on the money he has

"And what is that great lord's name?" "The Count of Monte-Cristo, the very me in whose house we are."

'Bendetto the count's son!" replied Monte-Cristo, astonished in his turn. "Forsooth! I suppose so, since the count has found him a false father-since the count gives him four thousands francs a month, and leaves him 500,000 francs in

"And what name does the young man bear meanwhile?" "Andrea Cavalcanti."

"It is, then, the young man whom my friend the Count of Monte-Cristo has received into his house, and who is going to marry Mademoiselle Danglars?" "Exactly."

"And you suffer that you wretch?" "Why should I stand in a pard's way?" "You are right; it is not you who hould apprise M. Danglars, it is I." "Do not do so, because you would bring

"And do you think that to save such

their plot-an accomplice of their crimes?" | await you." "By heaven!" cried Caderousse, drawing from his waistcoat an open knife, and not?" said Caderousse. striking the count in the breast, "you shall disclose nothing, M. l'Abbe!" To he followed and watched you the whole knife, instead of piercing the count's breast, flew back blunted. At the same

The window whence the noise proceed- Caderousse's great astonishment, the time." noment the count seized with his left hand the assassin's wrist, and wrung it | given you and I will forgive you also." ness; then one of the panes became quite with such strength that the knife fell from his stiffened fingers, and Caderousse uttered a cry of pain. "What a wrist you have, M. l'Abbe!

> said Caderousse, stroking his arm all bruised by the fleshy pincers which had "Silence! God gives me strength to overcome a beast like you. Take this

> "Caderousse, awed by the superior power of the abbe, sat down and wrote: "Sir,-The man whom you are receiving at your house, and to whom you intend to marry your daughter, is a felon who escaped with me from confinement

"Sign it!" continued the count.

But the man in the dark could not find | Chaussee d'Antin." Cauderousse wrote | in a fit of intoxication have ruined your the right key. He reached the instru- the address. The abbe took the note. best friend. "Now," said he, "that suffices-begone!"

"Which way?" "The way you came." "M. l'Abbe, tell me, do you not wish

countenance of the man. "Hold!" exme dead?" claimed Monte-Cristo, starting back, "it "I wish what God wills." "What do you intend doing with me?"

"I ask you what can I do? I have whispered Monte-Cristo, "and put down | tried to make you a happy man, and you have turned out a murderer." "M. l'Abbe," said Caderousse, "make | had already passed half your life in covetone more attempt; try me once more!"

"I will," said the count. "Listen!-Meanwhile Monte-Cristo had rapidly you know if I may be relied on. If crime under the excuse of want, when taken off his great-coat, waistcoat, and you arrive safely at home, leave Paris, God worked a miracle in your behalf. one could see that he wore a shirt of steel leave France; and wherever you may be, mail. This soon disappeared under a so long as you conduct yourself well, I brilliant, indeed, for you who had never long cassock, as did his hair under a will send you a small annuity; for, if you possessed any. But this unexpected, unpriest's wig; the three-cornered hat over return home safely, then I shall believe this effectually transformed the count God has forgiven you, and I will forgive when you once possessed it; you wished

you too." "As true as I am a christian," stammered Caderousse, "you will make me

"Now begone!" said the count, pointing to the window. Caderousse put his legs out of the window and stood on the ladder. "Now go man whom he had seen seated on the down," said the abbe, folding his arms. fence got down, and was still pacing the Understanding he had nothing more to ful!" street; his attention was engrossed with fear from him, Caderousse began to go

that he was satisfied he was safe. Monte-Cristo returned to his bedroom, and whatever noise you hear, only come and saw Caderousse climb the ladder closet, and silently opened the door. The struck one. Then Caderousse sat astride the room was in a moment light. He descend, or rather to slide down by the not stop. In vain did he see a man start from the shade when he was half way down-in vain did he see an arm raised

have a good memory, for it must be about so violently in the back that he let go the ten years since we last met." The calm- ladder, crying "Help!" A second blow ness of Busoni staggered Caderousse. "So struck him almost immediately in the Then, as he rolled on the ground, his ad-"M. l'Abbe," murmured Caderousse, "I versary seized him by the hair, and struck it; you lie-vou lie! don't know-believe me-I take my him a third blow, in the chest. This time Caderousse endeavored to call again, "A pane of glass out," a bunch of false but he could only utter a groan, and he striking proof, as you lie in utter despair, shuddered as the blood flowed from his denying him; while I stand before you three wounds. The murderer, supposing | rich, happy, safe, and entreating that God Caderousse was choking; he looked him dead, let fall his head and dissap- in whom you endeavor not to believe, round for some way to escape. "Come, peared. Then Caderousse, feeling that he while in your heart you still believe in come," continued the count, "I see you was leaving him, raised himself on his him."

elbow, and, with a dying voice, cried, "M. l'Abbe, since you know every- with great effort, "Murder! I am dying! Carconte; that was proved at the trial, This mournful appeal pierced the dark- putting the light near his face—"I am—I successfully combat disease. Polson's opened, then the side gate of the garden,

> CHAPTER XXIX. THE HAND OF HEAVEN.

with lights.

CADEROUSSE continued to call pitiously. "What is the matter?" asked Monte

are come only to see me die. What blows! what loss of blood!" He fainted. Ali groan. He was dead. and his master conveyed the wounded man into a room. Monte-Cristo motioned his eyes fixed on the corpse, disfigured by amined his dreadful wounds. "My God!" surgeon and the proctor arrived. he exclaimed, "Thy vengeance is sometimes delayed, but only that it may fall the more effectually." Ali looked at his master for further orders. "Conduct here mmediately the proctor, M. de Villefort, who lives in the Faubourg St. Honore As you pass the lodge, wake the porter,

and send him for a surgeon." When the wretched man again opened his eyes, the count looked at him with a mournful expression of pity, and his lips moved as if in prayer. "A surgeon, M.

l'Abbe—a surgeon!" said Caderousse. "I have sent for one," replied the abbe. "I know he cannot save my life, but he may strengthen me to give my evidence against my murderer. It was Bendetto."

"Your comrade?" "Yes. After having given me the plan of this house, doubtless hoping I should kill the count and he thus become his heir, or that the count would kill me and I should be out of the way, he waylaid

me, and has murdered me.' "I have also sent for the proctor." "He will not come in time; I feel my

which he hoped succor would arrive. | count in the House of Peers. Beauchamp faint again!" Monte-Cristo approached, visited Albert. Where he was no one and dropped on his purple lips three or "True!" said Caderousse, "Bendetto four drops of the contents of the phial. has become the son of a great lord. A Caderousse drew a deep breath. "Oh" said he, "that is life to me; more, more!"

"Two drops more would kill you," replied the abbe. "Shall I write your disposition? You

can sign it." "Yes." said Caderousse. Monte-Cristo

"I die murdered by the Corsican Benedetto, my chain companion in the galleys at Toulouse, No. 59."

Monte-Cristo gave the pen to Caderousse, who collected all his strength, signed it, and fell back on the bed saying: "You will relate all the rest, M. l'Abbe; you will say he styled himself Andrea Cavalcanti. Oh, I am dying!" He again fainted. The abbe made him smell the contents of the phial, and he again opened his eyes. His desire for revenge had not

"What more will you say?" "I will say he had doubtless given you he plan of the house, in the hope the count would kill you. I will say, I'kewise, he apprised the count, by a note, of your intention; and the count being abvillains as you I will become an abettor of sent, I read the note, and sat up to

"And he will be guillotined, will he "I will say," continued the count, "that

"Did you see all that?" "Remember my words: 'If you return home safely, I shall believe God has for-"And you did not warn me!" cried Caderousse, raising himself on his elbows. You knew I should be killed on leaving this house, and did not warn me!" "No. for I saw God's justice placed in

the hands of Benedetto, and should have thought it sacrilege to oppose the designs of Providence." "Do you then believe in God?" said "Listen," said the abbe, extending his hand over the wounded man, as if to command him to believe; "this is what

manufacture of champagne the grapes are the God in whom, on your death-bed, you refuse to believe, has done for you; he gave you health, strength, regular em ployment, even friends-a life, in fact, Baron Danglars, banker, Rue de la yourself up to sloth and drunkenness, and by all Druggists and Dealers.

While I was talking with the colored "Help!" cried Caderousse, "I require a surgeon, not a priest; perhaps I am not mortally wounded—I may not die; per-"Your wounds are so far mortal, that

without the three drops I gave you, you "Look heah, boy, what yo' dun want would now be dead. Listen," continued bout dis establishment?" the abbe. "When you betrayed your "Nuffin," was the reply. friend God began not to strike, but to "Den yo' git away right smart! Dis warn you; poverty overtook you; you

ing that which you might have honorably acquired, and already you contemplated seed or heard tell of yo' befo'." "Why; I'ze Evaline White's brudder." sending you, by my hands, a fortuneheard of fortune sufficed you no longer to double it; and how?—by a murder

"It was not I who wished to kill the Jew," said Caderousse; "it was La Car-"Yes." said Monte-Cristo, "and God. in his mercy, saved your life."

"To imprison me for life; how merci-

from you, and brought you to justice."

haps they may yet save my life."

wretch! The coward, who feared death, only aim appeared to be to discern every when he felt his foot touch the ground rejoiced at perpetual disgrace, for like all galley slaves you said, 'I may escape from shade. prison, I cannot from the grave.' And you said truly; the way was opened for you unexpectedly : an Englishman visited bowed in token of strict obedience. The the street was quiet. No one could be Toulon, who had vowed to rescue two count then drew a lighted taper from a seen or heard. The clock of the Invalides from infamy, and his choice fell on you "An interesting and curious case, illusdoor opened so quietly that the thief the coping, and drawing up his ladder, second fortune, money and tranquility has just been recorded by a surgeon. A heard no sound; but to his astonishment passed it over the wall; then began to were restored to you; and you, who had workman, while attending to a machine two sides, which he did with an ease live like other men; then, wretched tips of two of the fingers of his left hand which proved how accustomed he was to creature! then you tempted God the clean cut off with the knife. Seven hours said Monte-Cristo; "what are you doing the exercise. But, once started, he could third time. God is wearied, he has pun- afterwards the man went to the hospital

me drink," said he: "I thirst-I burn!" "And I am very glad you recognize as he touched the ground. Before he Monte-Cristo gave him a glass of water. getting them to unite seemed to be most me, dear M. Caderousse; it proves you could defend himself that arm struck him "And yet that villain Bendetto will es-

> "No one, I tell you, will escape; Benedetto will be punished." "I do not believe there is a God!" howled Caderousse; "you do not believe

"There is a Providence, there is a God." said Monte-Cristo, "of which you are a perfect in the ends of the fingers."

"But who are you then?" asked Caderousse, fixing his dying eyes on the count. holds less sway. Science is continually

"Is your time then expired, since I find and Ali and his master were on the spot name so low that the count himself known. Its application is wide, for it is who had raised himself on his knees, and | whether internal or external. 25 cents a stretched out his arm, tried to draw back, then clasping his hands, and raising them with a desperate effort-"Oh! my God! my God!" said he, "pardon me for having denied thee; thou dost exist; thou art -You wouldn't have got home if you indeed man's father in heaven, and his hadn't been. judge on earth. My God, my Lord, I have long despised thee! Pardon me, murdered. You are come to late; -you my God; receive me, O my Lord!" Caderousse sighed deeply, and fell back with a

> "One!" said the count, mysteriously to Ali to undress him, and he then ex- so awful a death. Ten minutes after the

CHAPTER XXX.

THE daring attempt to rob the count was the topic of conversation throughout | weeds. Paris for the next fortnight; the dying man had signed a deposition declaring Benedetto to be the assassin. The police had orders to make the strictest search for the murderer. Caderousse's knife, of its digestion and assimilation in the dark lantern, bunch of keys, and clothing, human system; hence it is given without except the waistcoat, which could not be disturbing the stomach. found, were deposited at the registry; the corpse was conveyed to La Morgue.

But three weeks had passed, and the most diligent search had been unsuccess- that a thing that stands out so should ful: the attempted robbery and the mur- come in too. der of the robber by his comrade were almost forgotten in anticipation of the approaching marriage of Mademoiselle Dan- cury, are purely vegetable, safe, sure and glars to the Count Andrea Cavalcanti. It effective. Do not gripe, small, easy to was expected this wedding would shortly take. Sold everywhere. take place as the young man was received at the banker's as the betrothed.

The delay demanded by Beauchamp had nearly expired. Morcerf appreciated have been packed by a woman. the advice of Monte-Cristo to let things "Stop!" said Monte-Cristo. He left die of their own accord; no one had taken the room, and returned in a few minutes up the remark about the general, and no with a phial. The dying man's eyes were one had recognized in the officer who be- Liniment. all the time riveted on the door, through trayed the castle of Yanina the noble "Hasten, M. l'Abbe!-hasten! I shall had not been seen since the day he had appeared to know.

TO BE CONTINUED.

When leaving his home at Springfield, Ill. to be inaugurated president of the United States, made a farewell address to his old friends and neighbors, in which he said,

"NEIGHBORS GIVE YOUR BOYS A CHANCE."
These words come with as much force today as they did thirty years ago. How give them this chance?
Up in the Northwest is a great empire waiting for young, and sturdy fellows to come and develop it and "grow up with the country." All over this broad land are the young fellows, the boys that Lincoln referred to seeking to better their condition.

ferred to, seeking to better their condition Here is their chance!

pretty much anything you want. In Minnesota, and in the Red River Valley, or North Dakota, the finest of prairie lands rotth Dakota, the linest of prairie lands itted for wheat and grain, or as well for diversified farming. In Western North Dakota, and Montana, are stock ranges limit-less in extent, clothed with the most nutri-

As for scenic delights the Northern Pacific Railroad passes through a country paralled. In crossing the Rocky, Bit nountain scenery to be seen in the Unit States from the car window is found. The wonderful bad lands, wonderful in graceful form and glowing color, are a poem. Lakes Pend d' Oreille and Cœur d' Alene, are alone worthy of a trans-continental trip,

while they are the fisherman's Ultima Thule. The ride along Clark's Fork of the Columbia river is a daylight dream. To the far-famed Yellowstone Park To reach and see all this the Northern Pacific railroad furnish trains and service Pacific railroad furnish trains and service of unsurpassed excellence. The most approved and comfortable Palace Sleeping cars; the best Dining cars that can be made; Pullman Tourist cars good for both first and second class passengers; easy riding Day coaches, with Baggage, Express, and Postal cars all drawn by powerful Baldwin Locomotives, make a train fit for royalty itself. Those seeking for new homes should take

this train and go and spy out the land. To be prepared, write to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

squeezed six times. Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry is the safest, surest and best known conscience. Instead of improving these remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, gifts, rarely granted so abundantly, this Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Caderousse signed it. "The address, has been your course: you have given Troubles. The Children's Favorite. Sold

NOT A DOUBLE WEDDING.

man who was left in charge of the cotton compress at the noon hour, a boy about ten years of age entered and was sauntering around when the man called out to

hain't no loafin place fur young niggers!" "I'ze Jim White," muttered the lad as he edged away. "Jim White! Jim White! I nebber dun

"An yo's goin to marry my sister." "Ah! I understands now! An bekase l was dun gwine to marry yo'r sister yo' reckoned yo' had de right to cum spookin round dis compress house! Boy, yo' is You succeeded, and then God snatched it dreffully mistooken 'bout things. If my ole woman, who dun rnn'd away a ya'r ago, doan' cum back in de next two weeks I'ze going to marry yo'r sister Evaline, but I want yo' to constructively understand dat while I marries yo'r sister none o'

> The boy saw the point and went out so fast that he fell off the platform and landed on a big hog, which was sleeping in the

and your companion; you received a trating the recuperative power of nature, been condemned to a felon's life, might used for cutting blocks of tin, had the Caderousse was fast sinking. "Give to attempt to replace the missing portions

THE RAW, CUTTING WINDS Bring to the surface every latent pain. A change of even a few degrees marks the difference between comfort and pain to "Look well at me!" said Monte-Cristo, bringing forward new remedies which And his almost closed lips uttered a the most successful pain relieving remedy appeared afraid to hear it. Caderousse, equally efficient in all forms of pain

> Jagsby - Wife, I (hic) was held up on m' way 'ome. Mrs. Jagsby (sarcastically)

American Rheumatic Cure for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkabe and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

I hear you've been cultivating the society of that pretty widow, Van; what are you up to? I'm trying to kill the

Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil per-The fected and is prepared upon the principal

A fashionable journal asserts that the "hoop skirt is coming in again." Queer

The Sunday Sun There are said to be fifty thousand muscles in an elephant's trunk. It must

"For sixty years," says a Baptist deacon 'I have known of Johnson's Anodyne

An Irish carpenter fell from the roof to the ground, and when picked up re marked! I was coming down after nails Address THE SUN, New York, English spavin liniment removes al hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bone, sweeney, stifies, sprains

most wonderful blemish cure ever known Warranted by Davies, Staples& Co. A boy never looks in the glass to see if his face is clean after he has washed it; he looks at the dirt on the towel.

\$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the

Very superior for catarrah and bronchitis, is the verdict for Johnson's Ano dyne Liniment.

I hope you paid attention, Johnny, to what your father said to you about throwing stones. Yes, Ma; he had my ear all through the talk. Itch, mange and scratches of every

kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co. She - If I refuse you, what will you do?

It is not what one says, but everybody who knows it praises Johnson's Anodyne



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The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian tells the following story; for treatment. The surgeon determined of the fingers, although the prospect of remote. The wounds were carefully cleansed and the ends of the fingers were restored to their places and fixed by sutures. In a fortnight firm union was found to have occurred, and when the patient was next seen, after a considerable lapse of time, the surgeon was able to

note that both motion and sensation were

bottle, at druggists.

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Dated the 7th day of December, A. D. 1892.

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